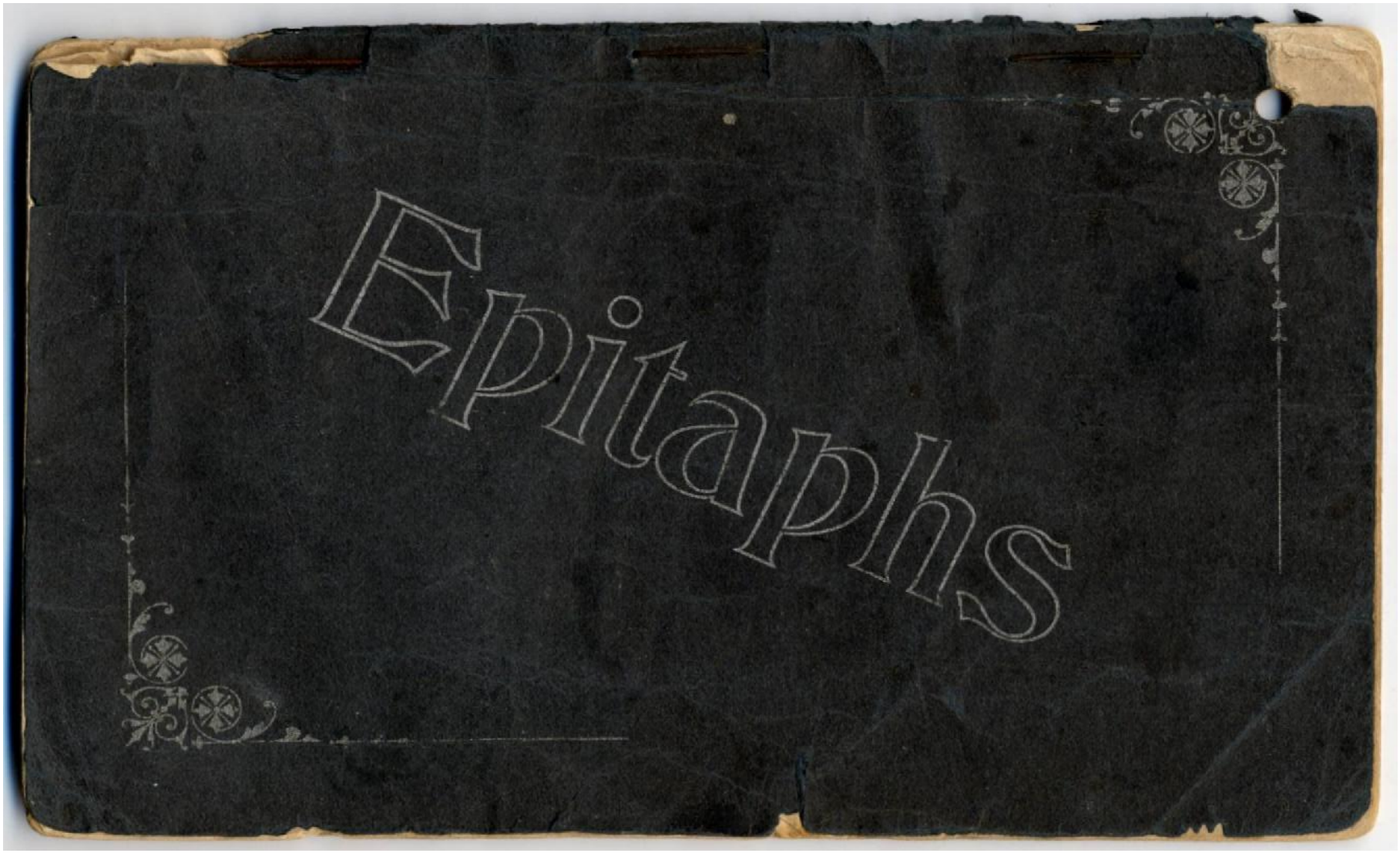
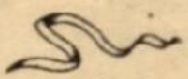

Epitaphs



VERMONT MARBLE CO.,

MAIN OFFICE,

PROCTOR, VT.

BRANCHES:

BOSTON, 8 Thacher Street.

NEW YORK, 215 West 125th Street.

PHILADELPHIA, 201 South 30th St.

CLEVELAND, 265 Merwin Street.

CHICAGO, 570 No. Water Street.

ST. LOUIS, 1115 So. 7th Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, 244 Brannan Street.

OWING TO THE FACT THAT EPITAPHS ARE ENTIRELY INADEQUATE TO EXPRESS BEREAVEMENT AT THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE OR FRIEND, THE PREVAILING STYLE OF INSCRIPTIONS IS ONE OF MARKED BREVITY. WE GIVE, ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE, A FEW EXAMPLES OF INSCRIPTIONS, WHICH, THOUGH BRIEF, ARE COMPLETE, AND WILL SERVE TO SHOW THE MOST POPULAR MODE OF LETTERING A MONUMENT AT THE PRESENT TIME. THE WORDS "BORN" AND "DIED" ARE EVEN OMITTED, BEING SUPERFLUOUS.

HOWEVER, AS IT IS OFTEN DIFFICULT, JUST AT THE TIME NEEDED, TO PROCURE SUITABLE EPITAPHS, WE GIVE HEREIN, TO THOSE WHO MAY DESIRE THEM, A LARGE AND CHOICE COLLECTION, TO WHICH WE HAVE DEVOTED A GREAT DEAL OF TIME, CARE, AND ATTENTION.

EXAMPLES.

JAMES TAYLOR
JAN. 25, 1849
NOV. 20, 1889

SARAH H.
WIFE OF
J. TAYLOR
FEB. 2, 1852
SEPT. 29, 1888

KATIE R.
DAUGHTER OF
J. & S. H. TAYLOR
JUNE 15, 1878
OCT. 30, 1883

FOR A DOUBLE DESIGN.

WILLIE	ANNIE
JAN. 21, 1882	APRIL 4, 1880
FEB. 1, 1889	MAY 2, 1889

CHILDREN OF
J. & S. H. TAYLOR

FOR CHILDREN.

1 Gone so soon.

2 Our loved one.

3 Only sleeping.

4 Gone to be an angel.

5 Gone to a better land.

6 Darling, we miss thee.

7 The lovely flower has faded.

8 "Blessed are the early dead."

9 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

10 "He carries the lambs in his bosom."

11 "Suffer little children to come unto me."

12 Earth's brightest gems are fading.

13 Alas! the fairest fade early.

14 Those whom God loves die young.

15 In heaven there is one angel more.

16 O! flower too soon faded.

17 Asleep in Jesus, blessed thought.

18 A fairer bud of promise never bloomed.

19 A sunbeam from the world has vanished.

20 Budded on earth to bloom in heaven.

21 How soon fades the tender flower.

22 Homeward to the realms of the pure.

23 Another sweet flower blossoms in the dews of heaven.

24 Our short-lived flower returned again to God.

25 Another little angel
Before the heavenly throne.

26 A little time on earth he spent,
Till God for him His angel sent.

27 Happy infant, early blest,
Rest in peaceful slumber, rest!

28 And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness.

29 Favored of heaven, to wear the crown
Without life's weary race to run.

30 How happy thus to sink to rest,
So early numbered with the blest.

31 He took thee from a world of care,
An everlasting bliss to share.

32 God blesses in an early death,
And takes the infant unto himself.

33 Whose all of life's a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

34 A little bud of love
To bloom with God above.

35 He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home our child.

36 Sweet flower, transplanted to a clime
Where ne'er comes the blight of time.

37 How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with a darling boy.

38 Here rests the sweetest bud of hope
That e'er to human wish was given.

39 Sweet babe, thy spirit now hath rest,
Thy sufferings now are o'er.

40 Another gem's in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul's in heaven.

41 We can safely leave our boy,
Our darling, in Thy trust.

42 Alas! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart.

43 'T was but a flower too good for earth,
Transplanted into heaven.

44 The fairest bud that flowery nature knows,
Oft ne'er unfolds, but withers ere it blows.

45 Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest,
God called thee home, He thought it best.

46 The babe so late our darling theme,
Now slumbers in the tomb.

47 Our darling one hath gone before,
To greet us on the blissful shore.

48 Heaven benignly called thee hence
In all thy pure, sweet innocence.

49 Gone to bloom in the garden of heaven,
To dwell with the happy and blest.

50 Short pain, short grief, dear babe were thine;
Now, joys eternal and divine.

51 Gone like a flower of the blooming June,
Fading in a day.

52 Borne from this world ere sin could stain,
Or sorrow blight the opening flower.

53 Weep not, father and mother, for me,
For I am waiting in glory for thee.

54 An angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away.

55 The self same hand from whence 't was given
Has taken back our babe to heaven.

56 Thou art gone from a world of care
The bliss of heaven to share.

57 'T is a little grave, but oh! have care,
For world-wide hopes are buried there.

58 Rest, little one, a mother's tears may fall,
But not for worlds would she her child recall.

59 Deem not this blossom prematurely plucked,
No flower can drop too soon if ripe for glory.

60 Lord, teach me to give back to Thee
The treasure Thou didst lend to me.

61 'T is the Lord who hath bereft us
Of the one we loved so well.

62 Borne by angels' hands away
To a home of peace and love.

63 The fairest flower we fondly love,
How soon it fades and dies!

64 Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

65 A little flower of love
That blossomed but to die;
Transplanted now above,
To bloom with God on high.

66 To you the child was only lent,
While mortal it was thine;
The child, tho' dead, is yet alive
And lives forever mine.

67 'T is Jesus speaks: "I fold," says He,
"This lamb within my breast,
Protection it shall find in me,
In me be ever blest."

68 Thou art gone, little darling,
Sweet child of our love,
From earth's fairy strand
To bright mansions above.

69 We loved this little tender one,
And would have wished her stay;
But let our Father's will be done—
She shines in endless day.

70 Tread softly, for an angel band
Doth guard the silent dust,
And we can safely leave our boy,
Our darling, in their trust.

71 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

72 Beneath this stone, in soft repose,
Is laid a mother's dearest pride,
A flower that scarce had waked to life,
And light and beauty, ere it died.

73 Ere sorrow had tainted
Its innocent love,
Its spirit was sainted
By angels above.

74 Gone to a fairer land
Of pleasure and love,
To join the bright band
Of angels above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

75 Rest.
76 At rest.
77 In heaven.
78 Gone home.
79 All is well.
80 "Come to Me."
81 My trust is in God.
82 Forever with the Lord.
83 They are not dead.
84 Death is another life.
85 We will meet again.
86 Absent, not dead.
87 Gone, but not forgotten.
88 In after-time we'll meet her.
89 Christ is my hope.
90 To die is gain.
91 God defends the right.
92 May he rest in peace.
93 Weep not, he is at rest.
94 He has gone to the mansions of rest.
95 There is rest in heaven.
96 With Christ in heaven.
97 Death loves a shining mark.
98 His record is on high.
99 Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear.
100 Death is the crown of life.
101 Not lost, but gone before.
102 Asleep in Jesus.
103 Beloved one, farewell.
104 Her end was peace.
105 Meet me in heaven.
106 His memory is blessed.
107 The cross is my anchor.
108 Resting till the resurrection morn.
109 Thy God has claimed thee as His own.
110 Prepare to meet me in heaven.
111 Earth's brightest gems are fading.
112 He is not dead, but sleepeth.
113 The angels called him.
114 Dying is but going home.
115 He is at rest in heaven.
116 None knew thee but to love thee.
117 She was the sunshine of our home.
118 What hopes have perished with you, my son.
119 Death, thou art infinite;—'t is life is little.
120 She believed, and sleeps in Jesus.
121 Virtue is the only nobility.
122 Thy trials ended, thy rest is won.
123 Resting in hope of a glorious resurrection.
124 How desolate our home, bereft of thee.
125 Jesus loves the pure and holy.
126 There are no partings in heaven.
127 The faithful are certain of their reward.
128 Salvation through Christ the Redeemer.
129 How many hopes lie buried here.
130 He died as he lived—a Christian.
131 The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
132 Let our Father's will be done.
133 In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.
134 Ascend, my son! thy Father's kingdom share.
135 He was beloved by God and man.

136 May he find joy in the life everlasting.

137 Oppressed by grief, yet cherished by faith and hope.

138 Sheltered and safe from sorrow.

139 Thy life was beauty, truth, goodness, and love.

140 Death 's a portal into bliss.

141 We pursue false joy and suffer real woe.

142 With life and name unstained, the good man dies.

143 Death is eternal life, why should we weep!

144 Beloved, thou wert admired wherever known.

145 An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

146 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

147 A tender mother and a faithful friend.

148 There is glory for the virtuous when they die.

149 All things to the glory of God.

150 "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

151 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

152 To forget is vain endeavor!
Love's remembrance lasts forever.

153 We trust our loss will be her gain,
And that with Christ she 's gone to reign.

154 "Far off thou art, but ever nigh; I have thee still, and I rejoice."

155 He said—whose power upholds the sky—
Believing, ye shall never die.

156 Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence: no other guide I seek.

157 The best, the dearest favorite of the sky,
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.

158 They steer'd their course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.

159 Fare thee well! and may the indulgent God grant thee thy wish.

160 The rose may fade, the lily die,
But flowers immortal bloom on high.

161 She faltered by the wayside,
And the angels took her home.

162 'T is but the casket lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

163 Father! let thy grace be given,
That we may meet in heaven.

164 Faithful to her trust,
Even unto death.

165 Yet when the body and the tomb are dust,
Still—still survives the memory of the just.

166 Long will posterity his virtues own,
When blank or broken is this pillar'd stone.

167 Kindled to begin, O mystery, why?
Death is but life, weep not nor sigh.

168 There immortal spirits reign,
There we shall meet again.

169 Sleep, sleep at last! thy sleep shall be
Thy rest, thy strength, thy victory.

170 Gone to a bright home,
Where grief can not come.

171 Here is one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With hope that is treasured in heaven above.

172 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

173 Such a heavenly purity dwelt in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.

174 A kind wife mourns in thee a husband lost,
The poor, a friend who felt what friendship cost.

175 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of woe,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease to flow.

176 No ostentation mark'd his tranquil way,
His duties all discharged without display.

177 Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest,
Forever to bask 'mid the joys of the blest.

178 We 'll join thee in that heavenly land,
No more to take the parting hand.

136 May he find joy in the life everlasting.

137 Oppressed by grief, yet cherished by faith and hope.

138 Sheltered and safe from sorrow.

139 Thy life was beauty, truth, goodness, and love.

140 Death 's a portal into bliss.

141 We pursue false joy and suffer real woe.

142 With life and name unstained, the good man dies.

143 Death is eternal life, why should we weep!

144 Beloved, thou wert admired wherever known.

145 An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

146 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

147 A tender mother and a faithful friend.

148 There is glory for the virtuous when they die.

149 All things to the glory of God.

150 "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

151 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

152 To forget is vain endeavor!
Love's remembrance lasts forever.

153 We trust our loss will be her gain,
And that with Christ she 's gone to reign.

154 "Far off thou art, but ever nigh; I have thee still, and I rejoice."

155 He said—whose power upholds the sky—
Believing, ye shall never die.

156 Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence: no other guide I seek.

157 The best, the dearest favorite of the sky,
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.

158 They steer'd their course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.

159 Fare thee well! and may the indulgent God grant thee thy wish.

160 The rose may fade, the lily die,
But flowers immortal bloom on high.

161 She faltered by the wayside,
And the angels took her home.

162 'T is but the casket lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

163 Father! let thy grace be given,
That we may meet in heaven.

164 Faithful to her trust,
Even unto death.

165 Yet when the body and the tomb are dust,
Still—still survives the memory of the just.

166 Long will posterity his virtues own,
When blank or broken is this pillar'd stone.

167 Kindled to begin, O mystery, why?
Death is but life, weep not nor sigh.

168 There immortal spirits reign,
There we shall meet again.

169 Sleep, sleep at last! thy sleep shall be
Thy rest, thy strength, thy victory.

170 Gone to a bright home,
Where grief can not come.

171 Here is one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With hope that is treasured in heaven above.

172 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

173 Such a heavenly purity dwelt in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.

174 A kind wife mourns in thee a husband lost,
The poor, a friend who felt what friendship cost.

175 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of woe,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease to flow.

176 No ostentation mark'd his tranquil way,
His duties all discharged without display.

177 Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest,
Forever to bask 'mid the joys of the blest.

178 We 'll join thee in that heavenly land,
No more to take the parting hand.

179 The sweetest reward we receive at last.
Is consciousness of virtuous actions passed.

180 Now his labor 's done!
Now, now the goal is won.

181 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

182 In Paradise thou sharest bliss,
Ne'er to be found in a world like this.

183 Faith points to hope above the skies.
Where virtuous friendship never dies.

184 She was a kind and affectionate wife, a fond mother and a friend to all.

185 Rest, mother, rest in quiet sleep,
While friends in sorrow o'er thee weep.

186 Having served her generation, by the will of God she fell asleep.

187 On that bright, immortal shore
We shall meet to part no more.

188 No pains, no griefs, no anxious fear
Can reach our loved one sleeping here.

189 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest.

190 She was too good, too gentle and fair,
To dwell in this cold world of care.

191 Earth contains a mortal less,
Heaven an angel more.

192 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep

193 Gone in her young years,
Afar from life's cares.

194 'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

195 "God gave—He took—He will restore;
He doeth all things well."

196 Crowned with mercy, O how sweet
Will eternal friendship be!

197 From love's shining circle
The gems drop away.

198 Of our whole world of love and song
Thou wast the only light.

199 "O death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?"

200 "Oh, who would wish to live but he who fears to die."

201 Let our Father's will be done,
She shines in endless day.

202 Here I lay my burden down,
Change the cross into the crown.

203 'T was hard to give thee up,
But Thy will, O God, be done.

204 O, 't will be sweet to meet on that blest shore,
All sorrow passed, all pain forever o'er.

205 Go and dwell with him above,
Happy in the Saviour's love.

206 To him, we trust, a place is given,
Among the saints with Christ in heaven.

207 Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

208 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?

209 When mourning for companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

210 The dead in Christ are surely blest,
For they partake His heavenly rest.

211 Dear parents, tho' we miss you much,
We know you rest with God.

212 She was a tender mother here,
And in her life the Lord did fear.

213 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love.

214 Having finished life's duty,
She now sweetly rests.

215 Gone like the sweet flower,
'Neath death's fearful power.

216 The seraphs round the shining throne
Have borne thee to thy rest.

217 A happier lot than ours, and larger light surrounds thee there.

218 She is gone to the land where the weary
Enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose.

219 Farewell, my wife and children all,
From you a father Christ doth call.

220 She has gone to her home in heaven,
And all her afflictions are o'er.

221 Through the Lord's unbounded love
We 'll meet again in realms above.

222 Now not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

223 Our brother 's blest, who is at rest
With Christ forever more.

224 Jesus has come and borne thee home,
Beyond the stormy blast.

225 The heart's keen anguish only those can tell
Who 've bid the dearest and best farewell.

226 Upright and just he was in all his ways,
A bright example in degenerate days.

227 To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

228 O man, immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies.

229 Death wings triumphant o'e· mankind,
Hope cheers the soul eternal bliss to find.

230 His soul renewed by early grace
In heaven has sought its native place.

231 It was hard, indeed, to part with thee,
But Christ's strong arm supported me.

232 All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish.

233 His toils are past, his work is done,
He fought the fight—the victory won.

234 'T will recompense the woes of earth
To think we 'll dwell with her in heaven.

235 Here, shrined with many a sweet sad thought,
That loved one's memory lingers still.

236 Why should we mourn our brother's loss,
Since death to him is bliss?

237 She 's passed beyond all earthly woes—
She smiles in a sunnier sphere.

238 Hopes once bright are now departed,
Since mother 's numbered 'mong the dead.

239 He whom thou mourn'st is not dead,
But risen from his earthly bed.

240 Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point and lead the wanderer home.

241 Each of us hopes to join you at last
On the beautiful heavenly shore.

242 'T is not the tenant, but the house destroy'd,
M n's spirit is with naught of death alloy'd.

243 His words were kindness, his deeds were love,
His spirit humble, he rests above.

244 So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest
To repose on the bosom of God.

245 She saw the life-long cherished hopes fulfilled,
And caught the welcome of a Saviour's love.

246 Though all thy budding honors were not blown,
Beloved, thou wert admired wherever known.

247 Prophetic hope dispelled death's frightful gloom;
Celestial rays redeemed her dying sight.

248 In life she exhibited all the graces of a Christian;
In death her spirit returned to God, who gave it.

249 At last we learned submission to our lot,
And though we less deplored her, ne'er forgot.

250 They who knew him best will bless his name
And keep his memory dear while life shall last.

251 Her spirit smiles from that bright shore,
And softly whispers, "Weep no more."

252 Living, he made the poor man's heart be glad,
And at his death the sorrowing ones more sad.

253 Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

254 Laurels may flourish 'round the conqueror's tomb,
But happy they who win the world to come.

255 Death is the spirit's better birth,
The dawn of perfect day.

256 Could she too soon escape this world of pain,
Or could eternal life too soon begin?

257 Complain not that the way is long;
What road is weary that leads there?

258 One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

259 Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

260 Though our loss is great, we trust
'T is your eternal gain.

261 When we our pilgrim's path have trod,
Oh! may we find him with our God!

262 We knew no sorrow—knew not grief—
Till thy bright face was missed.

263 Though grief it gives, 't is much the best,
To say "Thy will be done."

264 May the resurrection find thee
On the bosom of thy God!

265 Thy memory shall ever be
A guiding star to heaven.

266 Though thou art gone,
Fond mem'ry clings to thee.

267 How soon, alas! our brightest prospects fail,
As Autumn's leaves before the driving gale.

268 Yet, why should we repine,
When death a better life hath given?

269 Secure in thy Redeemer's breast,
Thou 'lt reign forevermore.

270 Alas! how sad to part with thee,
Friend of my better days!

271 Can I forget the agonizing hour
When those lov'd eyes were closed to wake no more?

272 None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

273 Though thy heart and flesh may fail,
Cast thy hopes above!

274 Every joy to us is dead,
Since mother is not here.

275 'T is finished! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled.

276 He was a man among the few,
Sincere on virtue's side.

277 Our father has gone to a mansion of rest,
To the glorious land by the Deity blest.

278 Thy guardian spirit now may guide,
And o'er my wayward path preside.

279 Gone in life's bright morn!
Gone in her youthful bloom!

280 She has reached the haven of the blest,
And realized immortal joy.

281 The jewels death has robbed us of
We will find on the other side.

282 Passed through the golden gate
Into the beautiful shining land.

283 Honored, beloved, and wept,
Here mother lies.

284 Just in the morning of his day,
In youth and love, he died.

285 God took thee in His mercy,
And thou art sanctified.

286 Early plucked is early bliss,
An early death-bed is an early crown.

287 Oh! how happy is the thought
That God will call him home.

288 Heaven again its gate has opened
To receive a soul all bright.

289 Just when we learned to love her most,
God called her back to heaven.

290 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

291 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent

292 Life's latest struggle cheerfully he passed,
Unwearied still, unflinching to the last!

293 'Mid toil and peril he life's journey trod,
Yet walked securely, for he walked with God.

294 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

295 Death was the gate through which to life he passed,
To feast on joys that will forever last.

296 "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,
In that day when I make up my jewels."

297 "Who plucked that flower?"
"The Master!"
The gardener held his peace.

298 The sweet remembrances of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.

299 Our mother!
In God's own morn her orb will rise,
Once more a star of Paradise.

300 The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken.

301 To a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

302 As a wife, devoted;
As a mother, affectionate;
As a friend, ever kind and true.

303 Gone to inhabit fairer climes,
Where streams of bliss fresh issue from the throne.

304 As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
She hath faded away to shine brightly in heaven.

305 She welcomed death, not only as a release from bodily suffering, but as the fruition of her hopes of eternal happiness.

306 Death will give back what neither time nor might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore.

307 'I was sweet to listen to the words that flow'd
From thy dear lips, alas! now sealed in death.

308 A mother's feeling in thy bosom glow'd,
Which heaved in kindness with each gentle breath.

309 Blessed are the dead who in the Saviour died;
From all life's labors they shall rest on high.

310 Thus sink to rest the just whom Christ has blest,
Death brings them light and peace and heavenly rest.

311 Cheerful he gave his being up—and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

312 Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love.

313 Another link is broken
In our household band,
But a chain is forming
In a better land.

314 Not lost, blest thought,
But gone before,
Where we shall meet
To part no more.

315 Gone in her young years,
Ere sorrow could stain;
Afar from life's cares,
Its grief and its pain.

316 Affection's tribute here I raise,
'T is all that I can do,
Till death shall close my earthly days,
Our friendship to renew.

317 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

318 How solemn are the words!
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth,
"Ye must be born again."

319 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

320 Closed are thy sweet eyes
From this world of pain,
But we trust in God
To meet thee again.

321 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever.

322 Thy virtue and thy worth
Shall fond remembrance cheer,
And ease the aching heart
That drops the falling tear.

323 Just as the morning of her life
Was opening into day,
Her young and lovely spirit passed
From earth and grief away.

324 The eternal Judge of all the earth
Is just in all His ways,
Alike in those which give us birth
And those which end our days.

325 Alas! the fairest fade early;
And those whom we cherish and love,
Too pure for aught that is earthly,
Are conveyed by angels above.

326 We shall meet again, sweet mother,
In a brighter clime than this,
Where the anguish of this world of ours
Is lost in deathless bliss.

327 Here lies one who in this life
Was a kind mother, a true wife;
She was by many virtues blest,
And piety among the best.

328 Mother, thou art now at home,
'Mong angels fair above,
But yet below thy child must roam,
Till summon'd by His love.

329 Mother, thou hast from us flown
To the regions far above;
We to thee erect this stone,
Consecrated by our love.

330 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
Did we not know our father dear
Was only called to Thee.

331 All the plans of life are broken,
All the hopes of life are fled—
Counsel, comfort, and adviser;
Alas! alas! for thou art dead.

332 An amiable father here lies at rest
As ever God with His image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the guide of youth.

333 Thy form alone is all, thank God,
That to the grave is given,
For we know thy soul, the better part,
Is safe, yes, safe in heaven.

334 Dearest brother, thou hast left us,
Here, thy loss we deeply feel,
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

335 This tablet to a brother's love
Is reared by kindred left;
His soul in bliss is now above,
His friends on earth bereft.

336 Gone before us, O our brother,
To the spirit land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.

337 The holy dead! oh! blest we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look afar,
Through all our woe!

338 He took the cup of life to sip—
So bitter 't was to drain,
He meekly put it from his lips,
And went to sleep again.

339 Remember, friends, as you pass by,
That all mankind are born to die;
Then let your cares on Christ be cast,
That you may dwell with Him at last

340 My own dear wife has gone
To mansions above yonder sky,
To gaze on the beautiful throne
Of Him who is seated on high.

341 Her life was like a half-blown rose,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour,
That opes the gates to heaven.

342 She was but a jewel, lent us
To sparkle in our midst awhile,
Then God called, and took His treasure,
Before she knew an earthly guile.

343 Such was her end, a calm release,
No clingings to this mortal clod;
She closed her eyes, and stood in peace
Before a smiling God.

344 Lord, she was Thine, and not mine own,
Thou hast not done me wrong;
I thank Thee for the precious loan
Afforded me so long.

345 Kind angels watch her sleeping dust,
Till Jesus comes to raise the just;
Then may she wake with sweet surprise,
And in her Saviour's image rise.

346 Through days well spent in prayer and praise,
In words and works of love,
God led her feet by pleasant ways
To His blest light above.

347 She 's crossed the troubled river
That lies 'twixt us and heaven;
To her a robe of whiteness,
A golden crown is given.

348 There are thoughts that never perish,
Bright, unfading, through long years;
So thy memory we cherish,
Shrined in hope, embalmed in tears.

349 The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind a hill
The glory of a setting star—
Calm, suddenly, and still.

350 She 's gone to worlds above,
Where saints and angels meet,
To realize our Saviour's love,
And worship at His feet.

351 "Asleep in Jesus," oh! to see
What my waking form shall be;
To be like Him will be my bliss,
For I shall see Him as He is.

352 Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'T is but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

353 Weep not for her who meekly led
A life of piety and love,
Whose unassuming virtue shed
A hallowed influence from above.

354 The little leaf that falls
All brown and sear to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the buds
That gave the flow'rets birth.

355 A light from our household is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our hearts
That never can be filled.

356 There 's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The loved one gone before.

357 Yet why should death be linked with fear?
A single breath, a low-drawn sigh,
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And waft the spirit to the sky.

358 You are not dead to us,
But as a bright star unseen,
We hold that you are ever near,
Though death intrudes between.

359 What though thy couch be kindred dust,
Thy pillow be of clay,
He guards the grave's most sacred trust
Who called thy soul away.

360 Oh, that thy pure angel spirit
Ever may my guardian be,
Till life's fitful fever 's over,
And I, like thee, am free.

361 Now my spirit's fled before thee
To the angels' world above,
Sainted still 't will hover o'er thee
And encircle thee with love.

362 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

363 Life is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

364 There is a bright region above,
We long to reach its shore,
To join with the dear ones we love,
"Not lost, but gone before."

365 We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod,
One must be first, but let us all
Pr pare to meet our God.

366 As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So His disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant head.

367 But is he dead? no, no, he lives!
His happy spirit flies
To heaven above, and there receives
The long-expected prize.

368 Its duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

369 Just as the sun descends at eve,
Soon with fresher beams to rise,
So shall our mother dear receive
Life eternal in the skies.

370 Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

371 In love she lived,
In peace she died;
Her life was craved,
But God denied.

372 Though thou art gone,
And thy fair form
Lies mould'ring in the dust,
Fond mem'ry clings to thee.

373 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

374 "Ne'er to those mansions where the weary rest,
Since their foundation came a worthier guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, a more welcome shade."

375 Our God, to call us homeward,
His only Son sent down;
And now, still more to tempt us there,
Has taken up our own.

376 There is a world above
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone.

377 The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

378 A faith that kept the narrow way
Till life's last hour had fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lit up her dying-bed.

379 God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed—
Looked on us all; and, loving her the most,
Straightway received her to the heavenly fold.

380 Amiable and beloved father, farewell! Not on this perishing stone, but in the Book of Life, and in the hearts of thy afflicted friends is thy worth recorded.

381 Slowly fading, lingering, dying,
Like the leaf he passed away;
Heeding not our tears of anguish,
Heaven has claimed its own to-day—
And we weep.

382 Although he sleeps
His memory doth live,
And cheering comfort
To his mourners give.

383 He followed virtue
As his truest guide,
Lived as a Christian—
As a Christian died.

384 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

385 It matters little at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep—death can not
Come to him untimely who is fit to die.

386 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

387 The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

388 Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

389 We look upon the sweetest flower—
'T is withered soon, and gone;
We gaze upon a star, to find
But darkness where it shone.

390 Ever near us, tho' unseen,
Thy dear immortal spirit treads,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

391 The morning cometh.—*Isaiah* xxi, 12.

392 He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Psalm* cxxvii, 2.

393 She hath done what she could.—*Mark* xiv, 8.

394 Thy brother shall rise again.—*John* xi, 23.

395 He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—*Rev.* xxi, 7.

396 There shall be no night there.—*Rev.* xxi, 25.

397 Behold, I come quickly.—*Rev.* xxii, 7.

398 The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—*Psalm* cxii, 6.

399 I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh.—*Numbers* xxiv, 17.

400 Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.—*Luke* xxi, 28.

401 Not my will, but Thine be done.—*Luke* xxii, 42.

402 Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.—*Luke* xxiii, 42.

403 Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.—*Luke* xxiii, 46.

404 Why seek ye the living among the dead?—*Luke* xxiv, 5.

405 Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.—*John* iii, 3.

406 Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—*Luke* xviii, 16.

407 O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!—*Deut.* xxxii, 29.

408 Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.—*Matt.* xxiv, 44.

409 I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—*John* xi, 25.

410 For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—*Gen.* iii, 19.

411 Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!—*Numbers* xxiii, 10.

412 The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—*Samuel* xvi, 7.

413 Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—*Rev.* ii, 10.

414 Preserve me, O God; for in Thee do I put my trust. *Psalm* xvi, 1.

415 Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—*Matt.* xxiv, 42.

416 Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—1 *Thess.* iv, 14.

417 Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.—*Matt.* v, 8.

418 I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 *Tim.* iv, 7.

419 He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—*Isaiah* xl, 11.

420 Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. — *Luke* viii, 52.

421 He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—*Heb.* xi, 10.

422 I know that my Redeemer liveth.—*Job* xix, 25.

423 I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness. *Psalm* xvii, 15.

424 The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Romans* vi, 23.

425 Surely the bitterness of death is passed.—1 *Samuel* xv, 32.

426 Peace be unto thee; fear not.—*Judges* vi, 23.

427 As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—*Deut.* xxxiii, 25.

428 Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.—*Deut.* xii, 9.

429 He shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.—*John* xi, 24.

430 Take good heed unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God.—*Joshua* xxiii, 11.

431 Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.—*Psalm* xv, 1, 2.

432 He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—*Psalm* cvii, 30.

433 Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—*Rev.* xiv, 13.

434 He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.—*Job* xiv, 2.

435 When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.—*Col.* iii, 4.

436 But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me.—*Psalm* xlix, 15.

437 Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—*Matt.* v, 4.

438 Because I live, ye shall live also.—*John* xiv, 19.

439 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Eccl.* xii, 7.

440 Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."—2 *Tim.* ii, 1.

441 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. *Psalm* xxiii, 4.

442 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.—*Psalm* cxlv, 18.

443 Thou shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.—*Psalm* lxxi, 20.

444 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—*Psalm* cxix, 105.

445 The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—*Job* i, 21.

446 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—*Psalm* xxxvii, 37.

447 O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.—*Psalm* cvi, 1.

448 I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.—*Prov.* viii, 17.

449 Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.—*Isaiah* xii, 2.

450 He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.—*Prov.* xix, 17.

451 Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved.—*Prov.* xxviii, 18.

452 I am the resurrection and the life.—*John* xi, 25.

453 Ye must be born again.—*John* iii, 7.

---

454 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal."

455 "Put trust in me; a place in heaven you 'll own."

EPITAPHS FOR A SOLDIER.

---

456 Honor the brave.

457 Rest, soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er.

458 A friend to his country and a believer in Christ.

459 Nobly he fell while fighting for liberty.

460 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest.

461 A brave spirit lies buried here, who died
A glorious death in his country's cause.

462 He has the soldier's recompense—
His is a patriot's grave,
Where calm in death reposes
Our noble, true, and brave.

463 Died on the field of battle;
'T was noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers—
His record is on high.

464 Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career.

465 In memory of our dead comrades.

466 To the memory of a brave man, who died that his country might live.

467 In grateful remembrance of a brave soldier, who gave his life in defense of his country.

468 In grateful remembrance of our Confederate dead.

469 Either to conquer or to die; victory or death.

470 This monument honors soldiers who fought to save the Union.

LATIN.

471 Fideli certa merces:
The reward of the faithful is certain.

472 Spes mea Christus:
Christ is my hope.

473 Requiescat in pace:
May he rest in peace.

474 Tempus omnia revelat:
Time reveals all things

475 Valet anchora virtus:
Virtue serves as an anchor.

476 Vivit post funera virtus:
Virtue survives the grave.

477 Mors omnibus communis:
Death is common to all.

478 Omnia ad Dei gloriam:
All things to the glory of God.

479 Post cineres gloria venit:
Glory comes after death.

480 Elapso tempore:
The time having elapsed.

481 Sic transit gloria mundi:
So passes away earthly glory.

482 Resurgam:
I shall rise again

483 At spes non fracta:
But hope is not broken.

484 Auxilium ab alto:
Help is from on high

485 Vive memor lethi:
Live mindful of death.

486 In cœlo quies.
There is rest in heaven.

487 Benigno numine:
By the favor of Providence

488 Cede Deo:
Submit to God.

489 Confido et conquiesco:
I trust and am at peace.

490 Deo volente:
By God's will.

491 Hic jacet:
Here lies.

492 In pace:
In peace.

493 Memento mori:
Remember death.

494 In solo Deo salus.
In God alone is safety.

495 Homo multarum literarum.
A man of great learning

496 In te, Domine, speravi:
In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust.

497 Ita lex scripta est:
Thus the law is written.

498 Magnanimiter crucem sustine:
Nobly bear the cross.

499 Deus vobiscum:
God be with you.

500 Non omnis moriar:
I shall not wholly die.

[LIGHT GOTHIC.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T
U V W X Y Z & . , ; ! ?

---

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[HEAVY GOTHIC.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X
Y Z & . , ; ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[SQUARE BLOCK.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W
X Y Z & . , ; ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[ROUND BLOCK.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & . , : ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[ITALIC.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W
X Y Z & . , ; ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[ROMAN.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X
Y Z & . , ; ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[ANTIQUE PRINT.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X
Y Z & . , ; ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[OLD ENGLISH.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z & . , ;

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[OLD STYLE ORNAMENTED.]

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z & . , ; ! ?

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

[MODERN HEBREW, with English Equivalents.]

ט	ח	ז	ו	ה	ד	ג	ב	א
T—Teth	Ch—Cheth	Z—Zain	V—Vau	H—He	D—Daleth	G—Gimel	B—Beth	A or O—Aleph

		final	final		final	
ע	ס	נן	מם	ל	כך	י
E—Ain	S or soft C—Samech	N—Nun	M—Mem	L—Lamedh	K—Caph	I, J, Y, or U—Yod

final				final	final	
ת	ש	ר	ק	צץ	פף	פ
T—Tau	Sh—Shin	R—Resh	K or Q—Koph	TZ or soft Ch—Tsadhe	P—Pe	F—Pe